

and others for favors shown and Mr. Clark. W. G. right and others for their hospitality. I would like to tell you that Fairman many a tale that would make you stare, but the balance I'll leave till I go again to the Highland Fair.

The Ploughman.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 15, 1882.

Haus building is active, though materials are high.

The reopening of the Pacific Mills at Lawrence is so far a partial success.

Strikes are reported at different points over the country, and more are anticipated.

The Mississippi River is falling, and its banks will in due time resume their usual appearance.

Ninety Gloucester fishermen have been lost since January 1st. Two vessels were lost recently.

Horace Greeley's daughter Ida, who married Col. Nicholas Smith, died of pleurisy at Chappaqua on Tuesday last.

Commissioner Fink says he does not look for another railroad war. The roads are agreed in the desire to make some money.

Oulzay in Tombstone, Arizona, is the rule of the day. The local government is either unable or unwilling to maintain order.

The big elephant Jumbo is well advertised by the endless stories of the reluctance and regret of the English nation to part with the animal.

Rhode Island loses a learned, able, and accomplished jurist in the death of Judge Eliza R. Potter, who was as good a writer as she was Judge.

It is understood that the House naval committee has agreed to report favorably Mr. Morse's bill providing for the sale of the Charlestown navy yard.

A sea shore route of the Eastern Railroad is proposed from Newburyport to Portland. It would traverse some of the finest beaches on the New England coast.

The case of Fitz John Porter has been fully disposed of in a calm meeting, and will shortly be laid before Congress by the President in a special communication.

Shipboard now presently declines and swerves the close questions that are put to him in relation to the Peru Company. It is believed that he has told all he intends to tell.

SHEEP AND DOGS.

In last week's "Ploughman" we published a detailed statement of the condition of two of the conducting industries of the State—the raising of sheep, and the raising of dogs.

The investigations entered upon by the Committee on Agriculture through its chairman, Senator Grinnell, in relation to the raising of sheep, and the raising of dogs.

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The delegate from Wyoming has introduced into Congress a bill which makes it unlawful for any person or persons to damage any elk, moose, bison, or buffalo, mountain sheep or bison in any of the national forests.

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The Poet's Corner.

THE PLACE.

By JULIA C. R. DOTT.

"To go to a place for pen."
Oh, Holy Place, we know not who we then art!
Through one by one our well-beloved dead
From our close claspings to Thy lap!

These send us west back to the acting heart;
And perchance, it is angels fly alwaist.

The silent reaches of the sky wide spread;

The swift wings we see, but see, instead

Only the dark void keeping as apart.

Where did we be other, O Fair Place?

Mary—Mary—was she ever high, high,

Or far from this earth that every yet.

Its first glads have trays traversed no the sea;

That lies between us, nor their gay flane.

On the old home's soil can never forget;

But what if, on some fair auspicious night,
Like that on which the shudders watched or

Down from fair skies, in burning splendor

rolled,

Shall stretch the radiance of a star more bright

Than ever of light, like jewel-like gold;

Wore star of glory manifest,

From sun to zenith sending all the light?

Somewhat, that pure rare light fair fair;

All men shall, with golden joy intense,

Behold, behold this new resplendent star!

Our heaven at last revealed!—the star!

Place!"

Then shall the heavenly host with one accord

With their bright faces wait the glorious One,

While pale, proud Ashtaroth, with toots upon,

Heird of crown'd droves dumbly baffle his feet,

And Lyra strikes her harp most rapacious chords.

O Earth, all but your lonest robes!

Breath no song, all ye silent!—quick reply!

Let the remotest desert find a voice!

The whole creation to the thir'ls,

For the new light of Heaven is in the sky!

—Harper's April.

Ladies' Department.

"I WILL REPAY."

BY HELEN HARCOURT.

(Southern World.)

He sat on the deck of a shipful ocean steamer, looking back on the great city of San Francisco, fading away in the distance; he was a young man, not more than thirty-five, at the most, but over his clear-cut features there reigned an expression better becoming to a man of his years, one of those sadness and weariness of life.

The mammoth steamed giddily along, well over the sparkling waters, and hand in hand, the two, the bairns, play to pass the great mass of iron and wood up and down, as though had been a storm.

"Pretty rough, Mr. Wallace," said a cheery voice behind our friend, "at least the passengers think so; I believe there is only one besides yourself, a lad, who has not yet returned to the land of Father and Mother." Ah! and here comes to enjoy this splendid breeze; you two have known each other, especially as you have seen the world, and are bound to accompany Mrs. Chester, allow me to present to you our new minister to Japan, Mr. Robert Wallace. I ask you to excuse me now, you young people."

And then the busy Captain hurried away, never stopping to notice the strange conduct of the two whom he had brought together.

The lady, scarcely more than a girl in years, turned very pale, and sank heavily into a chair, clasped her hands, and a sudden fit of fits fixed itself on her other white, slim face, looking down upon her.

There was a silence lasting several moments during which each seemed to be the first to speak; at length Robert Wallace advanced impulsively until stood before the lady just introduced to him as Mrs. Chester.

"Cleric!" he said, huskily. "He called you, Mrs. Chester? How is that? Can it be your fatherless heart, after dismeling the case of a poor man, is still too sore for, and marrying his richer rival, has so quickly recovered from the shock of your husband's death, as to take yet another in his place already?"

He spoke wildly, and she gazed at him in silence with distasteful eyes—the look of pain and terror—her sweet face that as he went on, into one of bewilderment.

"Answer me!" he exclaimed roughly, "I had hoped to tell you more about my face, but you have not met me, I do not know the process by which you arrived at the point of jilting the man, who had left you, so hopefully, to win the fortune you were born with, and who had always professed to be desirous of despising! Martin Wallace was rich; that is your answer is it not?"

He paused, his hands clinched, his chest heaving.

"I do not understand you, Rob—Mr. Wallace," she said. "You speak as if I had made you. But I have not."

"Dare you deny it?" he blurted bitterly.

"I certainly do deny it, as it is not true."

He laughed, a wild, bitter laugh, as he drew from his wallet, a bit of newspaper, crumpled and worn, and placed it in her hand.

"There is the printed lie to your denial," he cried. "I have kept it by me these two years, that I have been roving over the seas, to teach me to know you; I have studied it over and over, till I know every word."

MARSH—In Washington, January 10th, by the Rev. John Watson, Clarke Norton to Martin Wallace.

"There is the proof that just six months after I left you under a promise to your fatherless heart, to give you for one year, your dearest heart, your Captain, your love, and married another!"

Cleric Chester had been looking from the bit of paper she held in her hand, a strong, pale face, and her dear eyes closed as if she were going to sleep.

"It is a marriage of one of mind of him, that the intent to return to Boston after you left and married Martin Wallace. I never broke faith with you, how dare I?" he said, when the stipulated year was out, and he was about to leave for San Francisco.

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